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THE GAS HOLD-UP.

The Legislature having made 80 cents the legal rate for gas in all but certain excepted parts of New York City, the trust has immediately set to work to obstruct the law and if possible to defeat it.

10 MITE! It has availed itself of the club poses, securing a temporary injunction from Judge Lacombe to

compel the payment of the dollar trate pending a judicial decision as to whether the law is constitutional.

According to the best unofficial judicial authority, the law is constitutional. Yet if the injunction is made permanent all users of gas must for years, until a Supreme Court decision is reached, pay millions of dollars to the trust in excess of its just claims. They must await the threshing over of disproved arguments and the re-presentation of the mass of unpersuasive evidence which failed to convince the investigating committee and the Legislature that an 80-cent rate is either unfair or unprofitable.

Its disturbing consequences make this the most obnoxious hold-up in which the trust has engaged.

But the injunction has not yet been made permanent, and meantime It is entirely within the consumer's rights to oppose obstruction with obstruction. The injunction is his remedy no less than the trust's. If on his refusal to pay the dollar rate the company seeks to discontinue his service he also may appeal to the courts for protection. Through the Gas Consumers' League now forming he may secure the advantages of organized

THE READY REVOLVER.

A negro who escaped from a policeman in West Sixtieth street and was recaptured at Sixty-seventh street and Amsterdam avenue ran a remarkable gantlet of pistol shots.

A passenger getting off a Broadway car drew a revolver and fired two shots at him. One of an automobile party of four stood up in the tonneau and popped at him, shooting twice. As the fugitive passed the Hotel Marie Antoinette a man stepped out from a street group and sent two bullets after him. The one person in the chase who possessed legal warrant to shoot, the policeman, alone refrained from drawing his re-

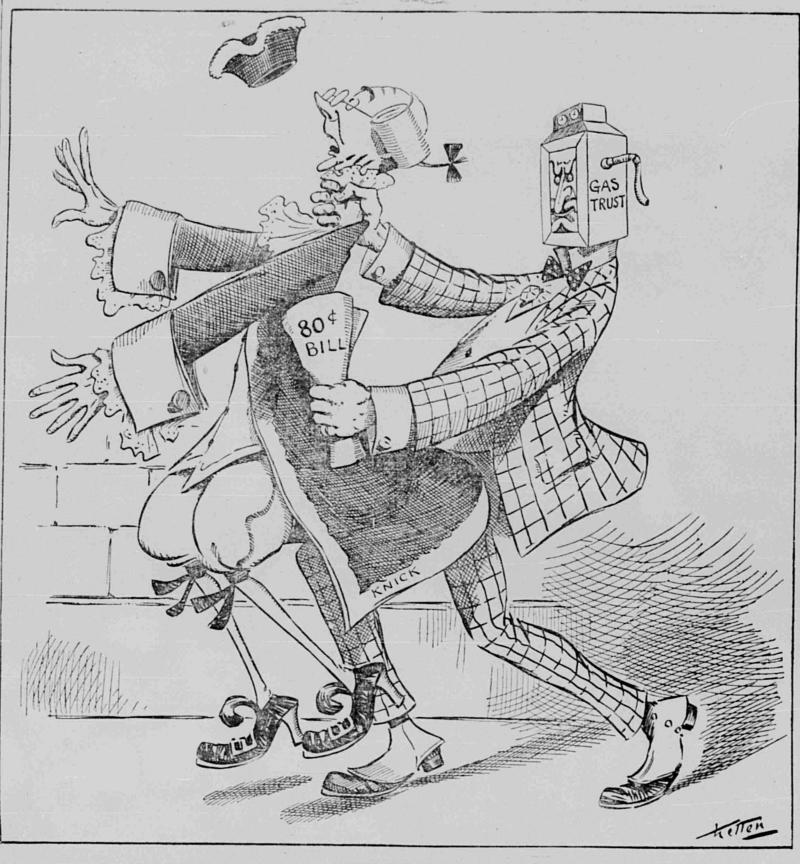
Is New York a mining camp? Is the law against concealed weapons a dead letter? Do citizens go about armed to the teeth prepared for instant murder on provocation?

There was a noisy agitation against revolver recklessness a year ago. Commissioner McAdoo cut off hundreds of pistol permits. The courts made a point of inflicting the severest penalty allowable on prisoners found to be bearing arms.

Is this the net result? Is it only necessary to scratch a street crowd to get a fusillade?

Held Up!

By Maurice Ketten.



Says the HIGH BROW.

By Martin Green.

44 AVE you read Commissioner McAdoo's book?" asked the Low B "Not yet and not soon," replied the High Brow. "What' use? He crabs his literary eruption from the first rush by rec that Police Headquarters is a sepulchre of reputation, a tomb of chara and a morgue of political reputation. People are likely to think that voice of McAdoo is a voice from the grave.

"For some reason or other a man begins to feel of himself and wor at his own bigness when he gets to be a Police Commissioner of New You Inside of a month he is taking the public into his confidence and telli them how hard and thankless a task has been clamped to his unwillight shoulders. It must be clamped, for none of them ever discards it volume tarily unless it is to take another and better position at the side of the pall lie trough.

"There is too much orchestral accompaniment to the job of running the Police Department, too much play of the spot light on the Commish. imagines himself the star of the administrative cast and pants violenti like a matinee idol if a rash critic happens to insinuate that he is suffering from decreased batting average.

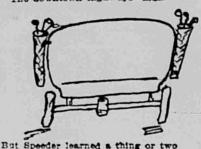
"The next symptom is the banquet habit. As soon as a Police Commis sioner gets the banquet habit and loads his troubles onto an aggregation of men already well ballasted with food and wine, well informed people get out the old fortune-telling deck and begin to compute the date of hi

"The Mulberry Street Commish is a continuous performance in showing how a man can bear up under unbearable conditions. He proclaims in loud voice that he didn't seek the job and the Mayor can have it any time h wants it. Then when the Mayor sends him a blue envelope and instru the Comptroller to take his name off the payroll he staggers around like prize-fighter whose opponent has unexpectedly hit him on the chin with freight car. It must be an awful experience to say to your boss, 'I dare yo to give me the run!' and have him think you mean it. 'It's a hard place at that," maintained the Low Brow.

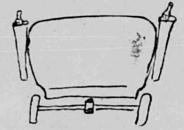
"Any man's place," replied the High Brow, "is as hard as he makes it."

A CHUG-CHUG LYRIC.

Equipped for trips around the town, Or journeyings afar; And in the rear some baskets hung-They looked to those of us Who saw his auto whis along The downtown highways-thu



Before a month went by. And when we see those baskets now We wink a knowing eye. Along the road to New Rochelle We oft have seen him go His nice red auto, from the rear, Appears to us just so:



by Catherine Cecil Thurston

(Copyright, 1903, 1904, by Harper & Brothers.) CHAPTER VIII.

(Continued.)

ODER was taking off his coat, but stopped I?" Then, struck by the opportunity the words gave him, he turned toward the secretary. "You've got to get used to me, Greening," he said. "You haven't quite grasped me yet, I can see. I'm a man of moods, you know. Up to the present you've seen my slack side, my jarred side, but I have quite another when I care to show it. I'm a sort of Jekyll-and-Hyde affair." Again he laughed, and Greening echoed the sound differently. Chilcote had evidently discouraged fa-

"Ah, thanks, Greening," he said. "Thanks. I silent and awaward, trying to be his expectations aink your hope will be fulfilled."

to his knowledge. Then, faced by the hopelessHe watched the little secretary move softly and ness of the task, he turned abruptly and looked. His sense of courtesy was touched; he had be-

All he had once possessed, all he had since dreamed of, was here, but on a greater scale. To aship, irritable and absent-minded, and even beautiful young wife. Eve, who is a former raide, his party leader in Factament. One ming late from the House. Chiloto is lost in a lides with another man. The two fall into commod it develops that the stranger is John Loder, and it develops that the stranger is John Loder, and it develops that the stranger is John Loder, and it develops that the stranger is John Loder, and it develops that the stranger is John Loder, and it develops that the stranger is John Loder, and it develops that the stranger is John Loder, and it develops that the stranger is John Loder, and it develops that the stranger is John Loder, and it develops that the stranger is John Loder, and it develops that the stranger is John Loder, and the world had spoken, and within him another voice had answered, with a control of the other. Each feel in Lady Astrupt. A calmor to the other than the place is a strong payaleal resemblance to change places of suppressed ambition; and now as he stood in the new atmosphere a newer voice lifted itself. enjoy the luxuries of life a man must go long without them. Loder had lived severely—so sewhich deals with the adventures of two women who take advantage of a strong paysical resemblance to change places in the world. In his nerve-wrocked condition Chilocte is the new atmosphere a newer voice lifted itself, makes the following remarkable proposition: Chilocte at the new atmosphere a newer voice lifted itself, attended the fines public lifts unbearable and longs for purious, seclusion wherein he may revel indetected in morbita. The joy of material things rose suddenly, overbalancing wherein he may revel indetected in morbita. The joy of material things rose suddenly, overbalancing the last remnant of the philosophy he had reared. He saw all things in a fresh light—rechase in Loder's rooms. When the first saluration and elsewhere, and allow Chilocte so remain a rechase in Loder's rooms. Parkament and elsewhere, and allow Cillicote to remain a recluse in Loder's rooms. When the fit of solitude is every collecte will summon Loder and they will change piace once more. Chilecte returning home and Loder remaining by political longings. Lever at first requests the true pleasant, unnecessary things that color the in his shabtly ledsings. Lever at first requests the first process but dress to political longings, at length accepts. Chilecte has a continuous strongers which will enable Loder to a cold the former's friends. Chilecte also explains that as his wife and he only meet as strongers and on rare a occasions. Eve cannot discover the decention, the cold of the soft carpets, the soft lights, the numberless er pleasant, unnecessary things that color the passing landscape and oil the wheels of life. was power-power made manifest. The choice bindings of one's books, the quiet harmony of stons, one's surroundings, the gratifying deference of later one's dependents—these were the visible, the

Crossing the room slowly, he lifted and looked at the different papers on the desk. They had a substantial feeling, an importance, an air of value. They were like the solemn keys to so many vexed problems. Beside the papers were a heap of letters neatly arranged and as yet unopened. He turned them over one by one. They "This morning?" he said. "Oh, did I? Did Were all thick, and interesting to look at. I?" Then, struck by the opportunity the words smiled as he recalled his own scanty mail; enve-

dently. Chilcote had evidently discouraged fa-miliarity.

Loder eyed him with abrupt understanding. He

Closed his face, and he raised his head. Some one had unmistakably paused outside the door which Greening had left ajar.

There was a moment of apparent doubt, then

recognized the loneliness in the anxious, con- a stir of skirts, a quick, uncertain knock, and the intruder entered.

"You're tired," he said, kindly. "Go to bed.

I've got some thinking to do. Good night." He way: then, as Loder made no effort to speak, she eld out his hand. moved into the room. She had apparently but Greening took it, still half distrustful of this just returned from some entertainment, for,

He watched the little secretary move softly and apologetically to the door; then he walked to the fire, and, resting his elbows on the mantel-piece, he took his face in his hands.

For a space he stood absolutely quiet, then his hands dropped to his sides and he turned slowly and that short space he had believed in the short space he stood absolutely quiet, then his round. In that short space he had believed in the short space he said. "If you are busy like, the the shift is soften the short space he said the turned slowly should be short in the short space he had believed in the short space he had set its soal upon her in a certain confidence of pose; yet should be soften the should be should be soften the should be should be should be soften the should be should be soften the should be soften the should be soften the should be soften the should be soft vousness shown in his brusque sentences and a suggestion of youthfulness that seemed a con- Unlike Greening, she took the new manner with- she drew her skirts aside as she passed him. The Her tone grew quicker, as though she feared ridi- no longer imagines that to drain a cup one may be found the drew her skirts aside as she passed him. The Her tone grew quicker, as though she feared ridi- no longer imagines that to drain a cup one may be found the drew her skirts aside as she passed him. The Her tone grew quicker, as though she feared ridi- no longer imagines that to drain a cup one may be found the drew her skirts aside as she passed him. The Her tone grew quicker, as though she feared ridivousness shown in his brusque sentences and overconfident manner faded out, and he faced facts steadily.

With the return of his calmness he took a long survey of the room. His glance brightened appreciatively as it travelled from the wall-bound books to the lamps modulated to the proper light; from the lamps to the desk fitted.

With well-bound books to the lamps to the desk fitted.

The remembrance of Chilote's epitradiction. The remembrance of Chilote's silence. "He asked me to use my intention displeased him unaccountably. "Well," he said, shortly, "what had Fraide to him with something like astonishment. He felt with the silence. I know that I have little—none, period the say?" He walked to the mantel-plece with his pleasure of his mental state insisted on a physical value of the say?" He walked to the mantel-plece with his pleasure of his mental state insisted on a physical value of the say?" He walked to the mantel-plece with his pleasure of his mental state insisted on a physical value of the say?" He walked to the mantel-plece with his say? "He walked to the mantel-plece with his say?" He walked to the mantel-plece with his say?" He walked to the mantel-plece with his say? "He walked to the mantel-plece with his say?" He walked to the mantel-plece with his say? "He walked to the mantel-plece with his say?" He walked to the mantel-plece with his say? The couldn't tell him that, and so—so I have the drew. The couldn't tell him that, and so—so I have the drew. The couldn't tell him that,



"Why do you make such a point of sneering at my friends?"

and with it the first desire to assert his own individuality. Stung by the conflicting emotions, what I can.' he felt in Chilcote's pocket for something to

"Thanks." He took the box from her, and as it passed from one to the other he saw her glance a minute's wait. "I suppose I can't say more than at his rings. The glance was momentary; her that."

lips parted to express question or surprise, then closed again without comment. More than any that separated husband and wife. "Well," he said again, "what about Fraide?"

him more directly, as if bracing herself to a task, as friendliness; and when their hands met he "Mr. Fraide is—is as interested as ever in you," noticed that her fingers barely brushed his. "Or in you?" Loder made the interruption

Then instantly he wished the words back. Eve's warm skin colored more deeply; for second the inscrutable underlying expression that casm; then, partly reassured, she paused. puzzled him showed in her eyes, then she sank will always despise your opportunities, and I back into a corner of the chair.

my friends?" she asked quietly. "I overlook it night!" With another faint smile she passed when you are—nervous." She halted slightly on out into the corridor. "But you are not nervous to-night

a woman's displeasure for years.
"The sneer was unintentional," he said. For the first time Eve showed a personal interest. She looked at him in a puzzled way.

your apology was meant," she said, hesitatingly, I should be glad to accept it." Loder, uncertain of how to take the words, moved back to the desk. He carried an unlighted

fearette between his fingers. she looked at him.

Greening took it, still half distrustful of this fresh side to so complex a man.

"Good night, sir," he said. "To-morrow, if you approve, I shall go on with my notes. I hope you will have a restful night."

For a second Loder's eyebrows went up, but he recovered himself instantly.

"Ah, thanks, Greening," he said. "Thanks. I silent and awkward, trying to fit his expectations."

That was his frame of mind as he opened his ously covered another feeling, whether question, double chairs forward.

"Indeed," he said. "Won't you sit down?"

That was his frame of mind as he opened his ously covered another feeling, whether question, distrust, or actual dislike he could not say. With a strange sensation of awkwardness he sorted followed the knowledge. He stood by the deak, silent and awkward, trying to fit his expectations.

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That was his frame of mind as he opened his ously covered another feeling, whether question, double the could not say. With the staken abset, the following morning, and lay appreciate the moment as the name tor—a friendliness that studi-one of the big lounge chairs forward.

That she was Chileote's averted head—"It seems to him"—again she broke ould not as well that studi-one of the big lounge chairs forward.

That she was Chileote's averted head—"It seems to him"—again she broke ould not say. With day of your—your illness in the House; and it realized the moment as the name tor—a friendlines that studi-one of the big lounge chairs forward.

That was his frame of mind as he opted one, out the state of the said. "Indeed," he said. "You seems to him"—a friendlines that studi-one of the big lounge chairs forward.

The was chievel head—"It seems to him"—a friendlines that studi-one one of the big lounge chairs forward.

"Yes," she answered. "I always want to As she spoke a sudden realization of the effor she was making struck upon him, and with it his

Eve saw and interpreted the action. "Are these your cigarettes?" She leaned toward a small table and took up a box made of lizard skin. "My intention"—he began, turning to her. There are took up a box made of lizard skin.

Their eyes met and she smiled a little.
"I don't believe I expected as much," she said.

spoken words, the incident showed him the gulf "I think I'll go now. You have been wonderfully patient." Again she smiled slightly, at the same time extending her hand. The gesture was quite At his words she sat straighter and looked at friendly, but in Loder's eyes it held relief as well

He picked up her cloak and carried it across the room. As he held the door open, he laid it precisely as he felt Chilcote would have made it. quietly across her arm. "I'll think over what you've said," he repeated.

Again she glanced at him as if suspecting sarsuppose I shall always envy them," she said. "Why do you make such a point of sneering at "That's the way with men and women. Good

Loder waited until he heard the outer door Loder, to his great humiliation, reddened. Ex- close, then he crossed the room thoughtfully and cept for an occasional outburst on the part of dropped into the chair that she had vacated. He Mrs. Robins, his charwoman, he had not merited sat for a time looking at the hand her fingers had touched; then he lifted his head with a

characteristic movement.
"By Jove!" he said, aloud, "how cordially she "If detests him!"

CHAPTER IX.

ODER slept soundly and dreamlessly in Chil-cote's canopied bed. To him the big room There was an interval in which neither spoke. ing of the gloom and solitude that it held in its There was an interval in which are the first of the gloom and solitude that it held in its Then, at last, conscious of its awkwardness, Eve owner's eyes. The ponderous furniture, the high With one hand on the back of her chair, ceiling, the heavy curtains, unchanged since the days of Chilcote's grandfather, all hinted at a far-"Mr. Fraide thinks it's such a pity that"-she reaching ownership that stirred him. The ownerstopped to choose her words-"that you should ship was mythical in his regard, and the poslose hold on things—lose interest in things, as sessions a mirage, but they filled the day. And,